



Black Ey'd SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hauds,
And quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

Oh! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, where so e'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white;
Thus ev'ry beautilous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul, some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn:
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board.
They kiss'd, she sighed, he hung his head;
Her lessning boat, unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lilly hand.



